



COG SQUEAKS

May 2001

JUGORNOT CAVE ISSUE



Bat Remains in the Green Bat Passage of Jugornot Cave

GROTTO INFORMATION PAGE

THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO

The Central Ohio Grotto (COG) of the national Speleological Society meets at 8:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church the second Friday of most months. The church is on the northwest corner of the square in Worthington. Parking is available behind the church. Enter the parking lot from the first side street off State Route 161. Please contact a grotto officer to confirm meeting time and place. The December meeting is not held at the church.

Grotto Officers	Name	NSS #	Telephone
Chairman	Darrell Adkins	29048	740-392-6382
Vice Chair	Kevin Toepke	46032	614-539-5457
Secretary	Katie Walden	25894	740-965-2942
Treasurer	Karen Walden	15678	740-965-2942

Executive Committee Members:

Don Conover	20386	937-372-7581
Steve Aspery	38931	614-841-1846
Lacie Braley	44099	614-895-1732
Dale Andreatta	46408	614-890-3269

Squeaks Editor Bill Walden 11573 740-965-2942
bwalden@infinet.com

Grotto Mail Address

C/O Bill Walden, 1672 South Galena Road, Galena, Ohio 43021

740-965-2942. E-mail bwalden@infinet.com

WEB: <http://www.netmarkweb.com/cog/>

List servers

Cog@ontosystems.com – Central Ohio Grotto

KCS@ontosystems.com – Kentucky Speleological Survey

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Grotto Membership Dues \$15 per individual or \$20 per family.

The C.O.G. Squeaks

The C.O.G. Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Articles on cave exploration and study, cave trips reports, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave-related cartoons, cave-related art or photographs are encouraged. Please note that I have a 35mm film scanner and a flat bed scanner. I can handle negatives up to 4 X 5 inches. So, please send me your photos, negatives, or slides for inclusion in the Squeaks. Send material to Bill Walden via mail, e-mail, disk, fax, or even dictation.

NSS organizations may reprint material from the C.O.G. Squeaks so long as the author and Squeaks are given credit unless stated otherwise. Send E-mail to Bill Walden if you want a Word file of the Squeaks to reprint.

The C.O.G. Squeaks is mailed to dues paying members and to grottos with whom the COG exchanges newsletters. The C.O.G. Squeaks is also available by E-mail as an Adobe Acrobat file (PDF). Please notify Bill Walden or Andy Franklin if you want the PDF version (It's in full color).

C.O.G. Cabin

The Grotto has a small shelter cabin on the property of Greg and Angela Erisman in Pulaski County, Kentucky for the use of C.O.G. members and friends. The cabin has five bunks and a picnic table. Outside of the cabin and a very short distance from the cabin is a practice-climbing tower for rope climbing. There is plenty of room for tents on the property.

COG KARST CALENDAR

May 19, 2001	Grotto Caving weekend
May 25-28	Speleofest
June 2, 2001	Tour of the Lost River Karst System. Orleans, IN 7:45 a.m. SE corner Town Sq. Robert Armstrong, Chairman LRCA
June 8, 2001	Grotto Meeting
June 15, 2001	Grotto Caving weekend.
June 22-24, 2001	50 th Annual SERA Summer Cave Carnival
July 23 – 27, 2001	2001: A Cave Odyssey. The NSS Convention at Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky. Visit www.nss2001.com where on line registration is available.
Aug. 11, 2001	OVR Cleanup project. Machan's Rock Tuscarawas County, Ohio
Aug. 30-Sep 3, 01	Old Timers Reunion
Sep. 15-16, 01	Karst Encounters, Lone Star Cave Preserve, KY
Sep. 29, 2001	Tour of the Lost River Karst System. Orleans, IN 7:45 a.m. SE corner Town Sq. Robert Armstrong, Chairman LRCA
June 24-28, 2002	NSS Convention, Camden, Maine
August 4-8, 2003	NSS Convention, Poterville, Cal.

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Map on page six by Bill Walden from data supplied by Lee Florea

Photos on page 7 are by Bill Walden and Cat Whitney.

JUGORNOT CAVE SQUEAKS SPECIAL MAY 2001

Jugornot Cave is located in Pulaski County, Kentucky on private land. If you are interested in helping with the survey of Jugornot Cave, please contact Lee Florea or me, Bill Walden. Lee's address is in the next article and mine is on the Grotto Information Page.

Bill Walden took the cover photo. While surveying with Bill Walden and Alice Woznack, Randy Paylor discovered the Green Bat Passage March 17, 2001. While surveying this passage we found numerous dead bats many that were covered by mold. Some of the mold is green. Originally I wanted to name the passage after Randy – Paylor Avenue. I guess Randy is too modest. Lee Florea and I settled on The Green Bat Passage. After all it was discovered on St. Patrick's Day and it does indeed have green bats. We noted that nothing lives in the Green Bat Passage – no crickets, no beetles, no mites, nothing but the mold. There was a breeze so we were not concerned with bad air. **The Green Bat Passage is now closed except for photographic and scientific purposes.**

The May 2001 issue of the Central Ohio Grotto newsletter, The COG Squeaks, is dedicated to Jugornot Cave and the cavers (past and present) surveying and studying this cave. – Bill Walden

JUGORNOT CAVE OVERVIEW

By Lee Florea, NSS 37909
108 Westwood Dr.
Lexington, KY 40503
mr_chaos@hotmail.com

Jugornot Cave in Pulaski County, Kentucky is a well-known cave used by locals and visitors since the 1800's. It was located along the primary route of travel connecting Cumberland Gap to Sublimity Station on the Rockcastle River and to Elihu just south of Somerset and points further west. At that time, the cave was known as Old Kentucky Cave. The first survey took place during 1974 by the Dayton Area Speleological Society (DASS). This survey mapped 4800 feet during one trip in one canyon passage. In January of 2001, members of the Central Ohio Grotto, Blue Grass Grotto, and local cavers began a project survey of the cave. In one 8-hour trip, 4000 feet had been re-surveyed in the canyon, nearly matching the DASS accomplishment. This canyon trends linearly, with a flow direction southwest through the ridge separating Jugornot Hollow from Pumpkin Hollow. Other surveyed passages within Jugornot follow this trend and consist of breakdown strewn, highly decorated upper levels, and tall canyons in lower levels. The spatial location and orientation of the passages in Jugornot continue the trend found in the Richardson Bore, Big Room, and Easter Passage sections of the Coral Cave System. Photographic, statistical, and geological evidence gathered from within Jugornot Cave and from nearby surface features support the hypothesis that regional speleogenesis has been influenced by ancient Cambrian faulting propagated upward through Mississippian and Pennsylvanian strata as fracture swarming. To date 9,800 feet of cave have been mapped with a cave depth of 240 feet.

JUGORNOT RAMBLINGS

By Larry Simpson
lsimpson@fuse.net

The entrance of Jugornot Cave is located near the top of the limestone in the Bangor Formation in a spur of Jugornot Hollow, which might be termed a small polje (a field of enclosed drainage formed by coalescing sinkholes.) The surveyed section of the cave passes through a ridge at a southwest trend almost into Pumpkin Hollow. Most of the known cave passes below a sandstone cap and is relatively dry above the small stream that flows from just inside the entrance.

The passage shape is generally that of an entrenched canyon, with undercutting and some collapse enlargement. Such vadose slots are typical in Pulaski County. In his 1972 masters thesis, [Ralph] Ewers describes the formation of such passages when the initial phreatic tube loses its hydrostatic head and begins to dissolve downward in the fashion of a normal sinuous stream.

He also describes undercutting which shapes the passage when the water cuts sideways avoiding washed in sediments, which are not soluble. Such maneuvering around sands give a passage the zigzag cross-section of shelves and undercuts sometimes called slip-off slope. When undercutting becomes very wide, it can lead to collapse as found in Wells River Passage.

The Cave has several levels of passages, but it is not clear if they were all independently formed or are just separated by zones of collapse. Lee has recently discovered leads that trend at a different angle and may lead to another section of cave. Summer efforts in lower more floodable passage may connect Jugornot to caves in Pumpkin Hollow.

Why is this cave intriguing? Unlike many such entrenched meanders, Jugornot passes through the ridge rather than along the hollow as many such caves do. Second, of the eight thousand feet surveyed, almost a mile is linear (although meandering), passing from one side of the ridge to another. Third, it aligns roughly with several passages of Coral Cave about 4000 feet to the

northeast, which also passes under a ridge from Hound Hollow into Jugornot Hollow. Are they the same cave? Do they connect? These are questions that have interested Coral Cavers since we first surveyed it in 1974, and are the main reason Dave McMonigle, Jerry Nichols and I showed Lee Florea the cave several months ago. We old-timers lumbered through the cave trying to find high leads that Dave remembered as having pointed back in the direction of Coral.

Although subsequent trips have edged the cave a little closer to Coral, a section of ridge separates the two caves. Nor are the passages exactly similar. As Coral approaches Jugornot Hollow, its passages get much bigger and somewhat inexplicable. Although at least one of the long passages is an entrenched canyon, the water flow in Coral is in the opposite direction, towards Buck Creek to the North East. But it is still possible that the initial tube, which formed Jugornot, may have also been shared by cave that is now part of Coral. It is possible that a phreatic stream leaking from Buck Creek once passed below these ridges and unborn hollows to the Cumberland River to the south west. It is possible that Jugornot Hollow down cut through this tube allowing the two caves to go their separate ways. This idea represents an engineering acronym called a WAG, which means a wild assed guess.

An alternate idea proposed by Lee, is that both caves formed along a fault or lamination, which extends many miles and may even have influenced Wells Cave on the other side of Buck Creek. If so, the fault would have had to avoid forming a hollow directly over two long passages that seem well protected from water leakage by sandstone cap. The fault seems not to have penetrated the sandstone. To give Lee credit, another canyon, Cricket Cave, about 400 feet Northeast of Coral roughly follows this alignment, and Sawdust, northeast of Cricket may also fit the trend. Such is the nature of cave theory that either, neither or both of these ideas could be true. As for the second question, could they connect? It seems less likely but still possible. Coral is a network of dozens of such entrenched canyons, many connecting in unlikely ways. Several long ones, such as Cricket, are yet to be connected. A nubbin of ridge separates Coral and Jugornot. Inside may lie 4000 feet of virgin passage. Or the surveyed passage may be sidestepped into another parallel passage as happens in Coral.

The quest continues!

First Day of Spring – Underground at Jugornot April 21, 2001

By Cat Whitney

I need to cave. I like my job, I enjoy my life in the city (for the most part), but I need to cave. My last trip underground had been on a tourist trip through Squire Boone Caverns. This did not begin to satisfy my need to go underground, get dirty, exert myself past the normal limits, take pictures, and be with cave friends and laugh – really laugh. I was really looking forward to

the weekend. As I completed my pre trip packing, panic set in, as I was unable to find “Sammy” my salamander protectorate. I will not cave without him. The last time I did, things went very wrong (Thanksgiving weekend). Kevin assisted in the search for my charm and soon found him. I took a deep breath, put him around my neck, grasped him in my fingers and whispered, “This is going to be a great weekend, isn’t it?”

Normally we get in at least one trip a month, sometimes two. February’s trip had not happened since Kevin and I had to make a side trip to Dale Hollow to make wedding plans. March’s trip was almost a waste of time. We didn’t accomplish very much and I felt like crap coming out of the cave. My shoulder ached for a week after that trip. I wondered if I would ever be back at 100% again. Lee was disappointed that we had not gotten more surveyed than we did. It seemed like we had covered a lot of ground in the cave – but the numbers said otherwise. Kevin just wasn’t feeling very well, so he was kind of moody. It just hadn’t been a fun or productive trip.

On Thursday, I had received an Email from Lee Florea outlining the agenda as well as the participants for the weekend. The guest list for Squalid would include: Lee Florea, Jamie Gulley, Larry Simpson and his daughter Becky, Becky’s friend Brittany Pitman, Kevin Toepke and myself. Bill Walden, Lacie Braley and Dale Andreatta would be staying the night at the COG field house and had arranged to meet us in the morning near the entrance to Jugornot. Hopefully we would have enough people for three survey teams.

Friday night began like many others do at Squalid, with lots of excited conversation, munchies and beverages. After unloading our gear, we decided to join the girls on a walk to the graveyard. The old steel gate that guards the entrance to the graveyard moved constantly in the strong wind that night – groaning in protest with each swing. Kevin had the girls convinced that he was psychic and was “getting something” from somewhere in the graveyard. “Yeah, I can feel it too”, chimed Becky. We walked around the graveyard reading the headstones and markers, contemplating what the deceased may have been like in life and why they died. Kevin left early, hoping to fall asleep before Becky’s return. That left us three of us – Becky, Brittany and myself, all alone in the dark, scary graveyard.

I heard footsteps coming up the path – but decided not to say anything – thinking it was probably Kevin trying to scare us. All at once there was this terrible metal-on-stone grinding sound. Both girls let out screams that should have awakened every tenant in the cemetery. It was just Larry having a little fun - by scaring the heartbeats right out of their chests. It gave the girls a good scare and Larry and I a good laugh. We decided that was enough for one night and headed back down the gravel road.

Lee and Jamie arrived back at Squalid shortly after our return. That’s when the real fun started. While we tried to discuss the plan for tomorrow’s caving would be, Becky punched, pinched, tickled and tortured poor Lee. The teasing continued into the wee hours of the morning until Lee turned out the light in a vain

attempt at enticing “the girls” in to “being quiet”. That worked for approximately 10 seconds until the next wave of noise and games began. While one girl held the flashlight, the other would make shadow puppets. At one point during “the shadow puppet hour” – I believe that Kevin remarked that he had a shadow shotgun for those shadow bunnies. Eventually they had made all of the noises that the wild kingdom has to offer and they drifted off to sleep, leaving the flashlight on and shining directly in Lee’s face.

Morning came too early for us. Kevin was the first to bed, so naturally he was also the first to rise. As the sleep was rubbed from our eyes, we moved our tired bodies into the kitchen area of Squalid. Kevin must have been sleepwalking when he measured the coffee. It would have been great as a rust remover for the fry pan collection on the wall – however it was not suitable for human consumption. (Think coffee syrup. Yuck!) It was agreed upon that we all needed real coffee and real food prior to our trip to Jugornot. We headed to the West Diner for our eggs, hash browns, bacon and coffee fill-ups. Our morning repast was peppered with constant teasing and laughter coming from the young members of our group. Our appetites satisfied we headed off for the cave.

As we pulled up, we could see that Bill, Lacie and Dale were already in various states of dress in preparation for the trip ahead. Bill had brought with him a 10-foot ladder. This time we would body rappel to the 15-foot mark and climb down the ladder the remainder of the way. Everyone dressed, adjusted, packed, readjusted and prepared for the trip. As we were leaving the vehicle staging area, the Erisman’s pulled up. Greg and Pat had decided to join us for the day.

By 11:00 a.m. everyone had descended into the entrance of the cave. It was decided that we would, as a group, go to the climb up so that everyone could get a look at the Green Bat Passage. Once we had all arrived Bill asked that we all follow a few simple rules. Be careful where you walk, as there are bat remains and formations on the floor, ceiling and walls. Stay on the marked trail and don’t touch anything, as many of these formations are extremely fragile. I am happy to report that all members in our group followed these rules. I thought to myself while photographing some of the bats and formations “this is why I cave”. I love being able to see things for myself - taking in not only the subject but also the environment. Someday, maybe in a few years, I may actually do this for a job. Who knows?

Bill documented and photographed the locations where our group found additional bat remains and formations. Each item was carefully outlined with flagging tape to ensure that no one would accidentally trample these tiny green bats.

Once everyone had had their fill of the passage it was decided that we would split into three groups. Larry, Becky and Brittany would be heading back out of the cave – Larry had forgotten his film so a continued photography trip would be a waste of time for their group. They said they would meet us later at Squalid for dinner. Bill, Lacie, Greg, Pat and Jim split off to create a survey

team that would continue the survey downstream in the upper canyon toward Pumpkin Hollow. Lee, Dale, Jamie, Kevin and I formed the other survey team that would work the Snow Canyon loop.

Our team began to survey around 1:00 p.m. I am not sure what was motivating us that day, but we sure did a lot of surveying in just a few hours. Each person was given a specific task to complete at each point. This method worked so well that at one point Lee groaned and made that funny confused grunt noise he makes when things move too fast. He whined, “Stop it! You’re going to fast. I can’t keep up.” Of course, for those of you who have surveyed with Lee, you know that we can never move fast enough for Lee.

Lee volunteered to take the lead position and scout for potential survey station points. He also took on the task of scribe – recording survey data and sketching. Dale joined Lee at the front in order to mark the stations and measure LRUD’s (Left, Right, Up, Down). Jamie had not done much surveying so he was given the job of holding the tail (dumb) end of the survey tape. After about two survey stations the nickname “Tail Boy” was assigned to Jamie. Kevin assumed his usual position at instruments and I was point with tape and light. We completed 17 stations in that first survey in just over an hour. The entire time we surveyed there was constant laughter and ribbing among our team members.

After completing the Snow Canyon survey, we moved on to tie in A and BA surveys. Along the way, Lee asked that I take pictures of the fault line that he found. (Figure 3, page 7) It wasn’t very large but it definitely was discernible. A bright white ribbon of calcite stood out in all the limestone. The passage where it was located was fairly large and had a nice clear stream flowing through it. A climb up to the upper levels yielded some nice fossil photographs. (Figure 8, page 7) The walls were literally lined with what appeared to be crinoid stems and brachiopods. I was in fossil heaven.

About mid afternoon we stopped for a quick lunch break of power bars and tuna before we continued to push upstream in the main canyon. Several topics were discussed that day – the usual stuff- hot tubs, alcohol, bats, convention and polenta. At one point we pondered what we would be for one day if we could be anything. Lee of course would wander the world – be some sort of explorer. Kevin wasn’t really sure – maybe he would be a spaceman or an adventurer. Jamie wants to own a Quickie Mart so he can boss people around and fire them at random. I volunteered that I would like to be graceful – just for one day so that I could see what it was like. Dale wanted to be anything but an engineer. In unison the group responded “Huh?” “So I could have a personality”, he replied, – “you know, engineers don’t have one.”

At one point during the day we entered a big room that opened to a large pit about 18 to 20 feet deep, 15 feet across and maybe 50 feet long with a narrow and quite precarious crawling ledge on

one side. Lee scrambled across with no problem. He waited on the other side for me – instructing me where to put feet, hands, etc. I don't like crawls like this. It's not the depth of the canyon, or the width of the ledge. It's the constantly moving rocks and dirt underneath me as I move. I hate it when ledges aren't stable. It just makes me nervous. I psyched myself out and struggled across the ledge on the third try. Once beyond the ledge, in the aftermath of my adrenaline rush, I looked back at the ledge in dismay as I realized that I would have to make that trip again in order to leave.

With each step we took, things kept falling. Not just little rocks but big ones with lots of debris and dust attached. This area was not easy to work in. The breakdown in this passage was tricky. You would grab a hold of something and all of sudden what you had a grip on is now falling into the canyon below – leaving you with only handfuls of air. Every other step was a slide or scramble. Hence the name – BBBB. Big Bad Ass Breakdown Bull____. Lee and I added two more station points and then called it quits. There were a few side passages that looked like they might hold small promise but not enough to warrant bringing everyone across.

On our way out of the cave we all made "guesstimates" as to how much we had accomplished. Everyone agreed that it was a great day of caving. The last person was out of the cave by 8 p.m. Between the two teams we had collected 1,091 feet of survey data and added 27 additional feet to the vertical extent of the cave. We not only added length but also height to the cave survey, some excellent photographs had been taken and no one got injured (contrary to Dale's fatalistic pre-trip prediction).

Upon exiting the cave, we changed, repacked and returned to Squalid for a typical after-cave night of revelry. Ice-cold beer tastes so much better after a hard day of caving, don't you think? Kevin had made chili and pasta; Larry had brought hot dogs, brats and rolls. We roasted marshmallows for dessert. The air was warm and clean with a nice breeze, the sky was mostly clear – allowing for a wonderful unhindered view of the stars. Its nights like this that leaving the city for good actually seems possible.

The return trip to Columbus the next day went smoothly with no accidents and no traffic to speak of. The roadsides were decorated with redbuds in bloom and bright yellow dandelions. The trees were starting to fill in with new leaves. Scores of groundhogs and bunny rabbits were out enjoying the warmth and fresh new food supply. The sun shone the whole way home. My shoulder was not sore – it finally feels like it has really healed. I felt relaxed, tired and satisfied. It had been a great weekend. I finally got to go caving.

A Side Note About a Side Passage

By Dale Andreatta

On the March 17 trip to Jugornot, I found myself part of an oversized 5-person survey team. I was lucky enough to be assigned the job of scout, searching ahead to see which passages were most worth surveying. This was in the north end of the upper level.

After scouting a few side leads that turned into loops, a few dead ends, and a passage that ended in a very unpromising-looking hole, Lee pointed me in the direction of some still higher passages he had explored briefly on a previous trip. I went off, eventually finding a wide sandy walking passage with a flat ceiling embedded with fossils. My compass said it was heading dead west, which I knew was perpendicular to the main passage. Hmmm, possibilities. A couple times I was sure I was in virgin passage, but looked down to see Lee's boot prints. That damn Lee! (Not that I'm being competitive or anything with regard to deflowering virgin cave.) After a while the passage turned into a wide sandy crawl and the Lee prints ended. After a couple hundred more feet slightly south of west I came to breakdown, and it was time to rejoin the others. A brief look suggested the breakdown was passable, with more wide crawling passage beyond, again generally westward.

Retracing my steps I rejoined the group eager to have this westward passage surveyed. But in the meantime, Cat had found that the unpromising hole actually went somewhere, just as she had in Owl Cave (no wait, that was a fictional story). They were already involved in surveying this interesting but tricky passage.

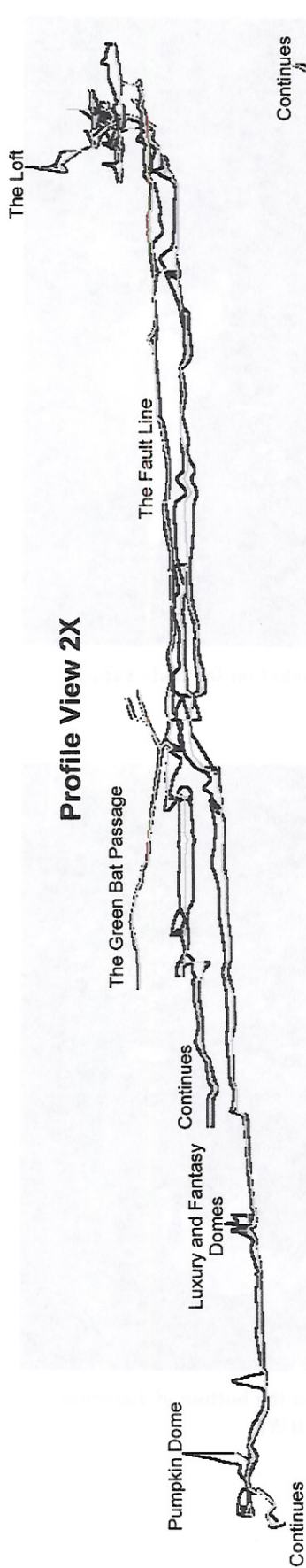
What lies to the west.....

Jugornot trip 4/21/01

Reported by Lee Florea, Project Leader

Lee Florea, Kevin Toepke, Bill Walden, Cat Whitney, Jamie Gulley, Larry Simpson, Becky Simpson, Brittany Pitman, Greg Erisman, Pat Erisman, Lacie Braley, Jim Currens, and Dale Andreatta entered the cave at 11 AM. All proceeded to the climb up into the Green Bat Passage. Bill documented mummified bat remains and Lee guided individuals through the passage. This area of the cave is now closed except for photographic and scientific purposes.

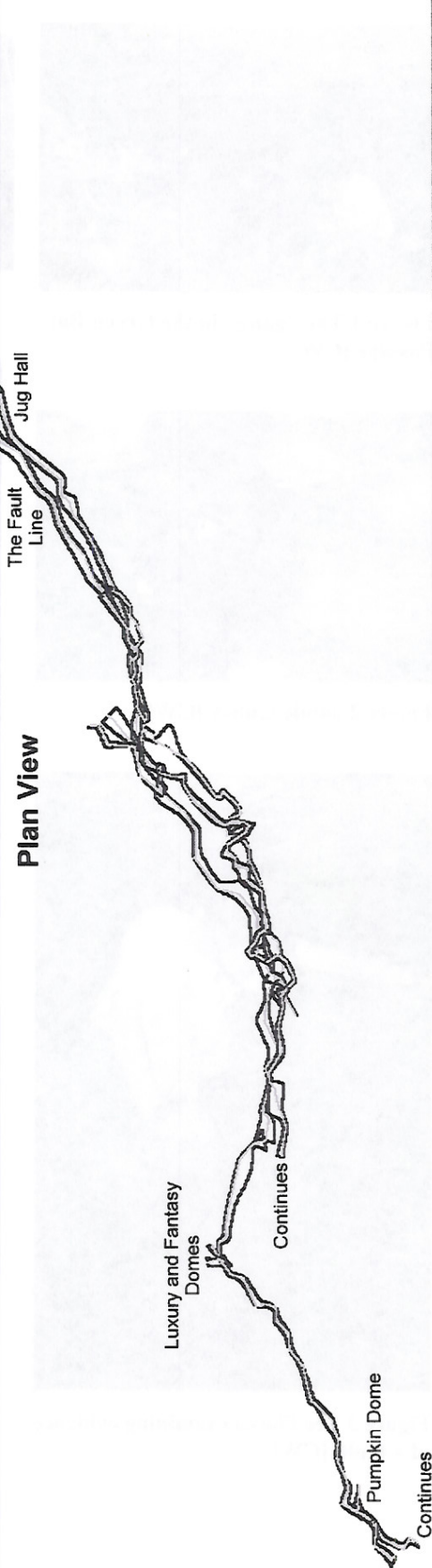
The group split into 3 teams. Larry, Becky, and Brittany left the cave. Bill, Jim, Lacie, and the Erismans continued the survey downstream in the upper canyon toward Pumpkin Hollow. They collected ~493 Feet of data. They reported that the passage continued to increase in size and was becoming breakdown strewn and intersected by domes. Lee, Kevin, Cat, Jamie, and Dale surveyed in the Snow Canyon loop, tied in the A and BA survey, pushed upstream in the main canyon, and surveyed the attic. They collected 1091 Feet of data and added 27 Feet to the vertical extent of the cave. The main canyon continues upstream, and after a constriction pushed by Lee, revealed another level with multiple dry tubes. All teams were out of the cave by 8 PM.



Jugornot Cave
Pulaski County, Kentucky
 9,741 Feet Surveyed
 241 Feet from Highest Point to Lowest Point
 As of April 21, 2001

Lee Florea Project Leader

Surveyors
 Darrel Adkins, Dale Andreatta, Lacie Braley, John Cassidy, Jim Currens,
 Greg Erisman, Pat Erisman, Jamie Gulley, Jason Gulley, Randy Paylor,
 Anna Simpson, Becky Simpson, Larry Simpson, Kevin Toepke, Bill Walden,
 Katie Walden, Cat Whitney, Alice Woznack



Jugornot Cave as of April 21, 2001. Vertical view is 2X.

JUGORNOT PHOTOS



Figure 1 The "gang" in the Green Bat Passage [CW]



Figure 2 Jamie Gulley [CW]



Figure 3 Lee Florea examining evidence of a fault. [CW]



Figure 4 "How shall I rig this?" [BW]



Figure 5 "This tree will do!" [BW]



Figure 8 Fossils [CW]

Photo Credits:

[CW] – Cat Whitney

[BW] – Bill Walden

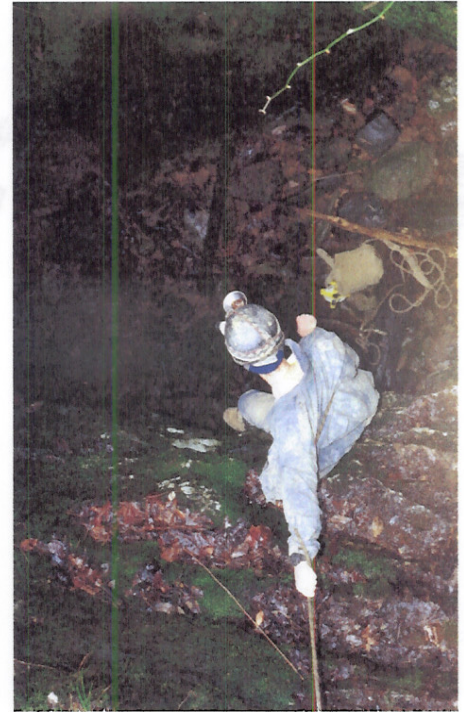


Figure 6 Jacket on for body rappel. [BW]

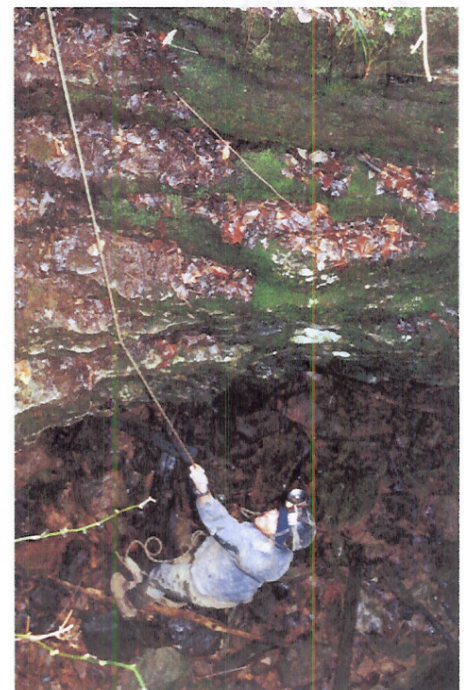


Figure 7 On the bottom of Jugornot entrance. [BW]

IN MEMORY

David Carl McMonigle
1948-2001

By Larry Simpson

Dave, Mike Johnson & I began caving with several other Miami University of Middletown students in the late 1960's. We began with flashlights and construction hats, but after joining the Cincinnati Grotto and Dayton Area Speleological Society, were soon surveying caves and making 14 hour push trips. Neither crawlway nor water stopped Dave who also made free climbs, which were astounding. He seemed to have a physical knowledge of what was possible. On one of his earliest trips in Church Cave, Dave pushed a narrow popcorn studded canyon, returning only after his shirt had been ripped off, leaving him bare chested except for his shirt collar and some buttons.

We were lucky enough to find an area in Kentucky rich in caves, and fortunate to cave with Dave. His dogged enthusiasm pushed us to new levels of endurance and to undiscovered reaches underground. Dave had an uncanny sense for making connections, a memory for passage shape, airflow and even acoustics. He participated in, and often predicted nearly every significant discovery in Coral Cave. He read compass on most of the surveys in Coral and Wells Caves and many smaller caves. He participated in the discovery and survey of the extension of Wells Cave beyond the Foggy Mountain Breakdown.

Dave received a bachelor's degree in Geology at Miami University, and although did not pursue a career in geology, spent many hours at the UC geology Library and was on first name terms with the librarians there.

Besides his heroic caving prowess, many valued Dave's encouragement, optimism and friendship. Having worked since childhood as a carpenter in his father's construction business, Dave was always willing to lend a hand with home repairs. After stints working in carpentry for University of Cincinnati and the City of Cincinnati, he was promoted to building inspector.

Dave often spent family vacations in Kentucky caving and hiking. Dave also was involved in many of his children's athletic activities. He often gave detailed descriptions of their soccer or basketball games with as much enthusiasm as his caving trips.

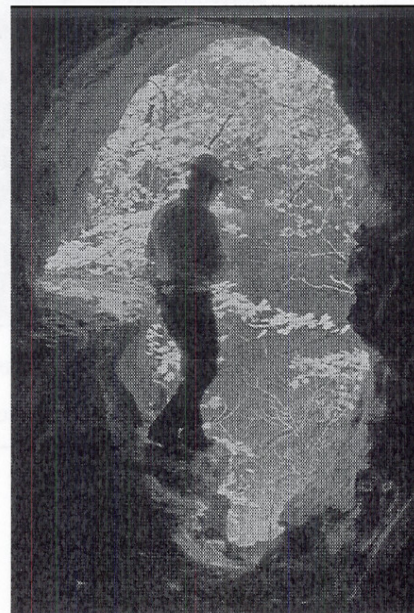
Dave suffered a torn aorta and passed away Sunday morning, May 13th. His wife Judy, three sons and two daughters survive him.

Services are scheduled for 9:00 am to 11:00 am, Tuesday, May 15, 2001, at Vitt, Sterner & Anderson Funeral Home, 4619 Delhi Road. [Cincinnati]

In caving we make many good and lasting friends. Many considered Dave one of the best.



Dave McMonigle



Dave McMonigle in proto cave entrance overlooking Buck Creek. (Near Overlook)

All photos of Dave McMonigle supplied by Larry Simpson.

Dave McMonigle caved with the COG on occasion including the dig folly, Horseshoe Pit, in Cave Creek. When COG members were trying to find a way into, or rather under, Pumpkin Hollow, Dave tried to talk us into checking out Jugornot Cave. Jugornot, he explained, went under the ridge to Pumpkin Hollow. We never did check that out. Dave was very interested in COG discoveries in the Farmer Cave System and made several suggestions. He had dug in one of the proto entrances near Overlook but never made a connection into the system. Greg Erisman did that in 1990. Dave's prophesy regarding Jugornot is about to come true. With Lee Florea as project leader, we have resurveyed Jugornot through the ridge and under Pumpkin Hollow. I suspect the cave will explode with new discoveries just as Dave McMonigle predicted in 1985. My story from the November 1983 COG Squeaks says a little about Dave's character – Bill Walden

Paul's Dig

From the November 1983 COG Squeaks

By Bill Walden

Dave McMonigle and I rehashed the story of Horseshoe pit, a particular irony since I had described it to Jake Elberfeld and Jim Blankenship only the day before! Now that I've mentioned it, I had better tell the story

I had a new 1970 Toyota Landcruiser FJ55 station wagon and was of course anxious to use it. Paul Unger gave me a call, this would have been early 1970, and said he found a pit and he wanted me to bring the Toyota to help pull rocks out of the pit. Paul assured me that the landowner did not care if we tore up the trees in the area to maneuver the car. I went down to Kentucky full of hope to open up a pit in Cave Creek.

A group of us including Dave McMonigle got to the Cave Creek area early in the morning that Memorial Day weekend and Paul led the way to the pit. There was a shallow depression about three feet in diameter and three inches, yes inches, deep! Pit indeed.

Anyhow we got to work and dug with a shovel till we hit rocks. Then we tried to get the rocks out – hard work – hard to get a cable around them to pull them out. We didn't get very far. The sky in the west began to look very threatening. Very quickly the wind came up hard and fast and we decided to get out. We piled everything back into the Toyota and headed back up the Jeep trail. Before we got to the road the storm hit full force. The wind roared and trees bowed low to the ground and some trees broke. The rain was so hard one could scarcely see fifty feet. It slowed for a moment and someone remarked where is all the water going? That's all it took – back to the Jeep trail. Dave McMonigle remarked that the water on the Jeep trail seemed to go toward the pit we had been trying to open. All jumped out of the Toyota into the rain and wind and started to build a dam across the Jeep trail.

The water went straight for the pit! It pooled in the depression, swirled, then went on down the hill. We poked at the depression with a stick but did no good.

We began to wonder where water elsewhere in the valley went, so off we all charged madly diverting water into every depression we could find and marveling at the vast quantity of water going into the caves and very, very glad no one was inside a cave that day. Hours later we returned to the "pit."

The water was now roaring down through the rocks. None was overflowing the depression. I jumped in and began pitching rocks out. It was easy now. I got down about six feet when Dave McMonigle related a story to all around watching me. It was about a group of cavers digging rocks out of a hole and when one of the cavers jumped up and down there was a roar as the rocks broke loose and tumbled down carrying the caver with them. I decided I was getting cold, after all water had been crashing over my back for some time now. Dave jumped in and pitched out a few rocks. Then he jumped up and down. There was a roar and a crash as the rocks tumbled down the pit! Dave spread himself to avoid the fate of the caver in the story.



The Bearded Prophet

Dave McMonigle

We cleared the top of the remaining loose rocks and went in. There is a room at the bottom but the only passage leaving is too small for a person to follow. We were disappointed. An old horseshoe was hanging on a tree near the pit so we named this folly Horseshoe Pit.

Dave McMonigle will be missed by all of us who knew him. – Bill Walden, May 14, 2001